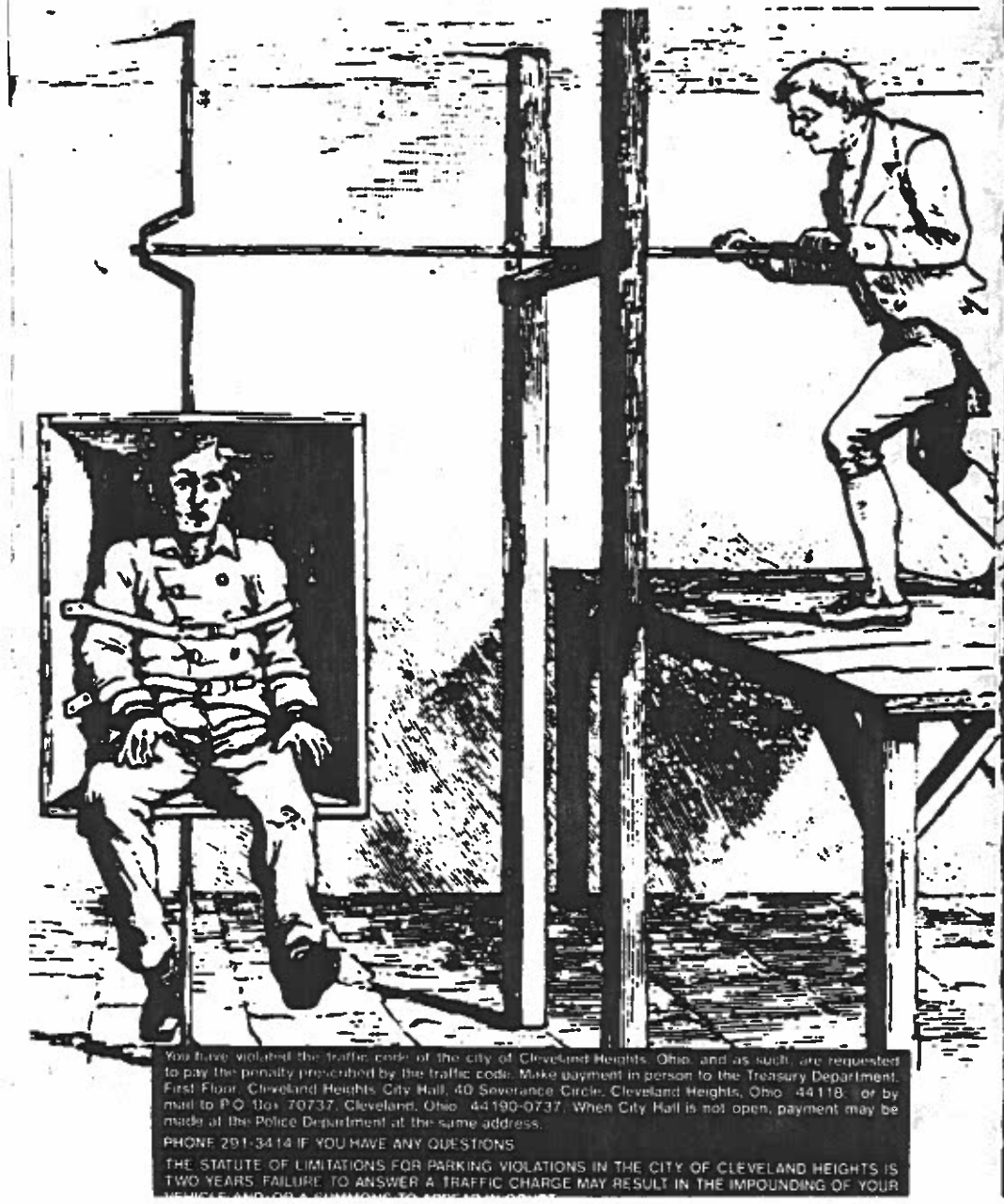
MUTE

ISSUE #1

-Free-

Thanks:

Lisa C., Rachel S., Matt, Dave, Grinch, Heather, The Terrace Crew, Smurfette H.S., all the bands pictured in this zine, all the bands NOT pictured in this zine that I'm friends with (sorry, I was a stupid fuck and forgot my camera.)
, and all those that jumped my car for the zillionth time.



PLAYLIST

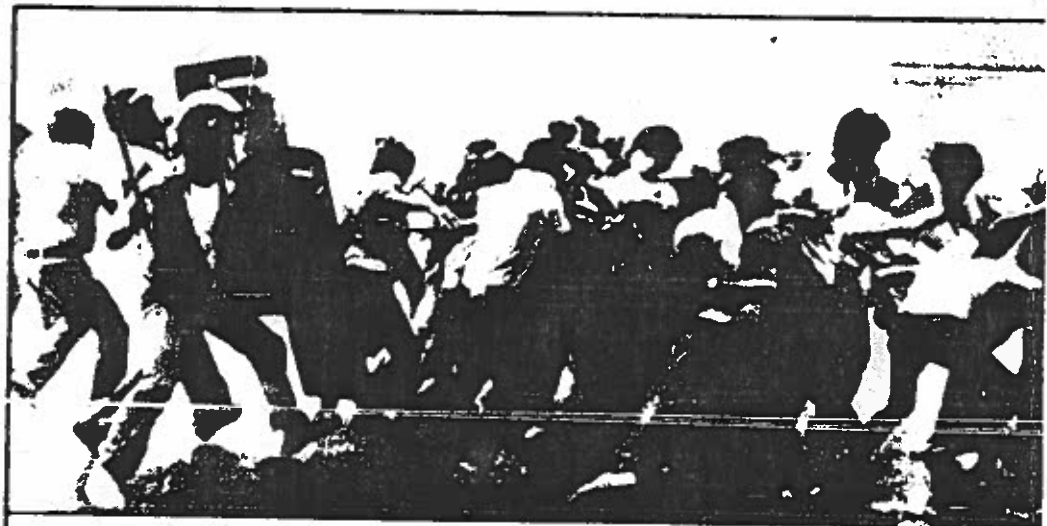
- Man Is The Bastard / Crossed Out split 7"
- Spazz 7"
- NAUSEA "Lie Cycle" 7"
- Dead Tree Blues cassette
- Fear Of Smell comp. (I know, I don't have one of my own. Leave me alone.)
- COWS "Cunning Stunts" cass.
- Gimsham "Dave Has a Unibrow" full length CD (coming out soon on DAT cassette!)

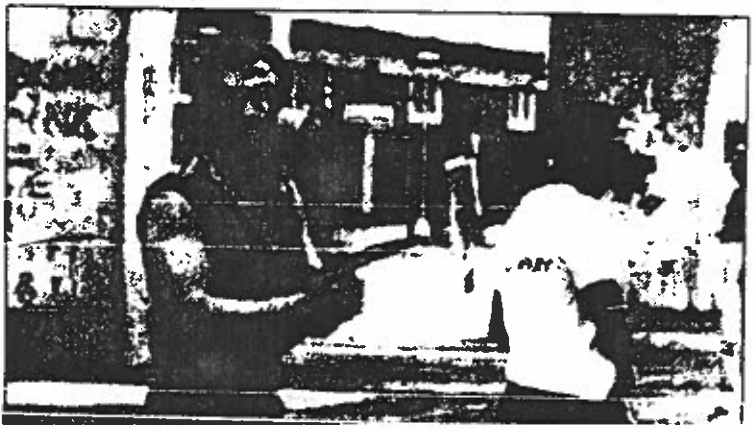
I went to something wonderful last weekend. It was the More Than Music Festival in Dayton, Ohio. There were over 26 bands there. I was amazed at how well the entire 3 day event went, especially the fact that there were no serious problems with the bikers that lived behind the hall.

Most importantly, the mastermind behind this, Frank, did a beautiful job coordinating this amazing event. However noone thanked the sound guy! He did so much work and the sound was done so well, how come noone thanked him?? Well, I thank you, Mr. Soundperson.

I hope more events like this occur, hopefully not only in Dayton, but all over the country in not-so-famous-places as opposed to Gilman St. or AbcNoRio. (Not that theses places are bad at all, its just that they're located in the most popular cities in the U.S. and some people even take them for granted!) Keep up the great work!

Further detail and photos of the "Hardcore Woodstock" will be featured in the next issue.





Clash in Manila

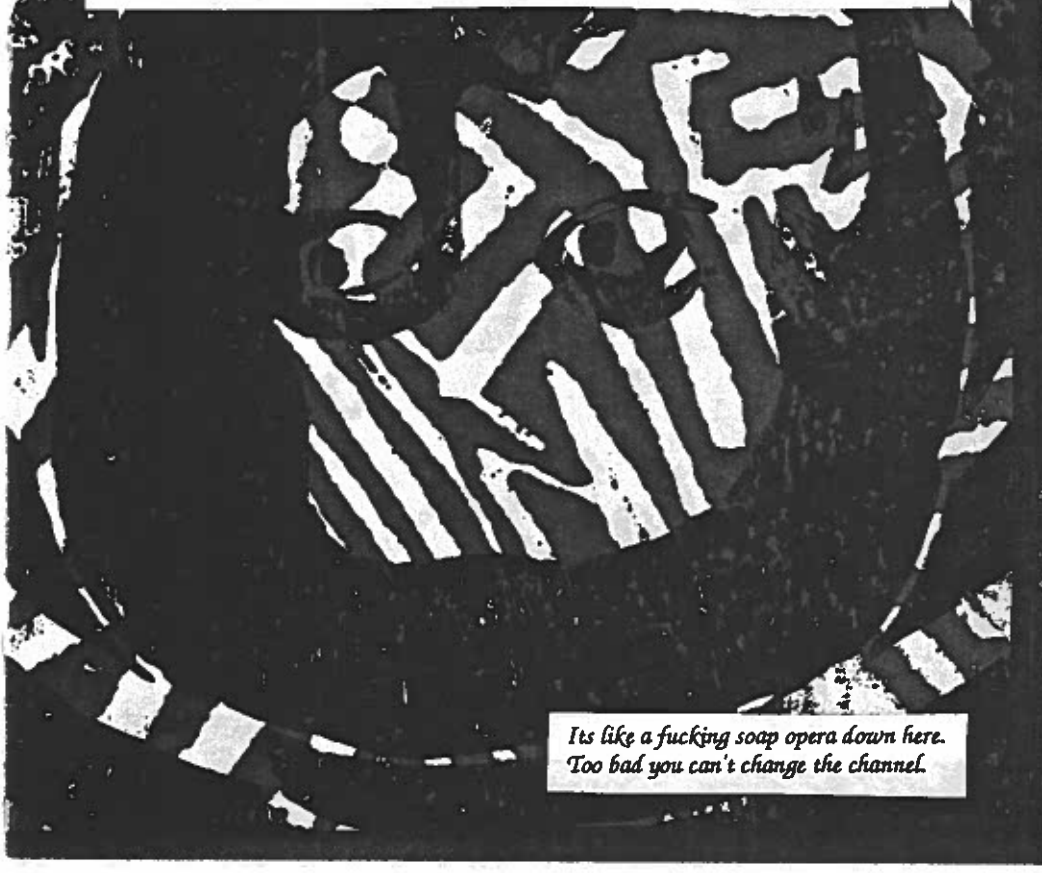
Riot policemen dispers some of the 2,000 peopl protesting against Goverr ment yesterday in Manila

Later, armed plair clothesmen wearing ga masks patrolled streets keep the crowd from re grouping to protest agains the 19-year rule of Pres dent Ferdinand E. Marcoe Several policemen an demonstrators were hurt

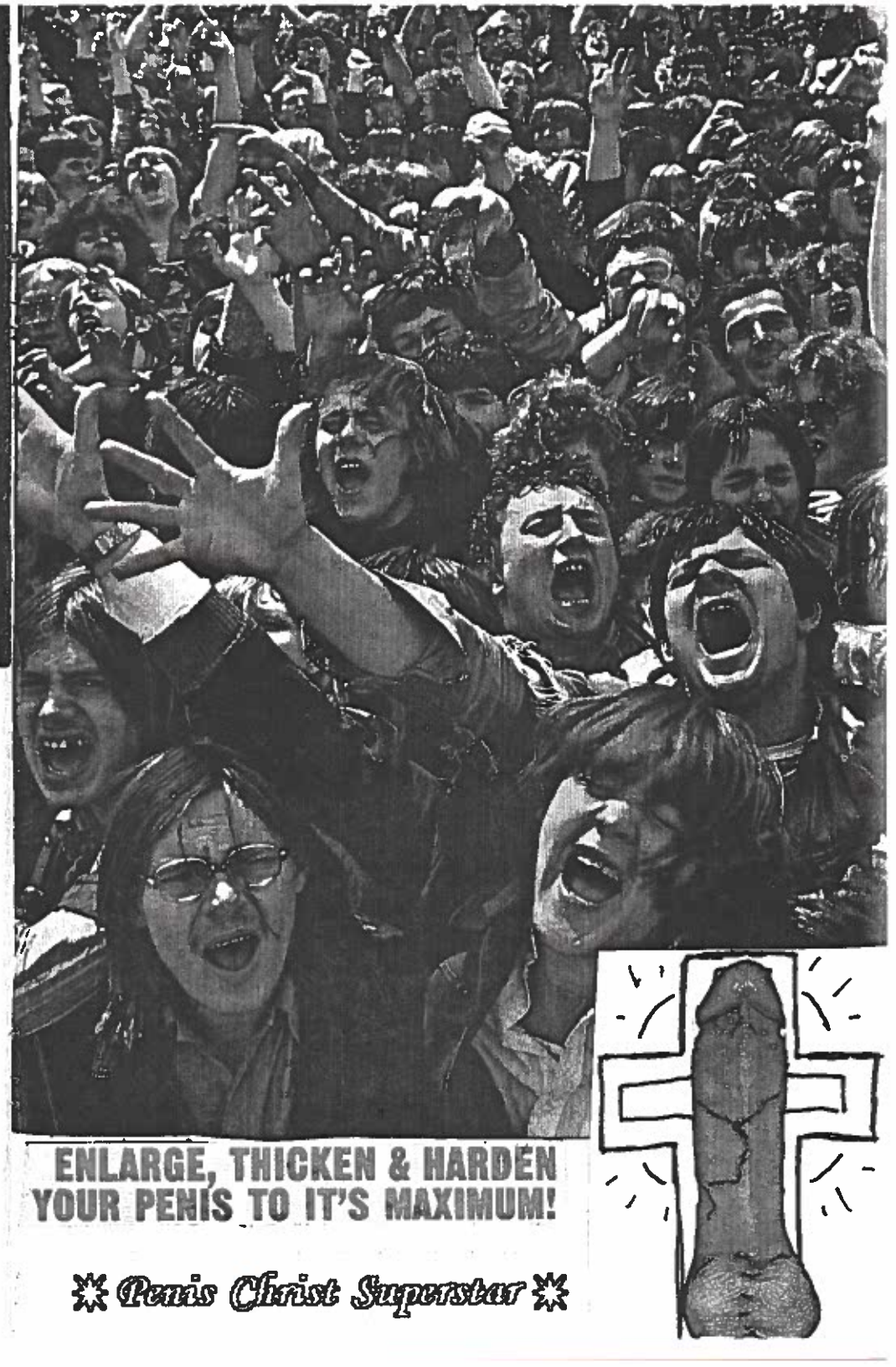
THIS PICTURE IS FOR DEAN'S FANZINE IF HE EVER GETS ONE STARTED

Your pathetic existence sickens me.
Sitting by and watching as lives fall apart because of you.
Caring only for yourself, you lie and pretend to be even more ignorant and stupid than you are.
The lies are catching up.
We know the truth.
We know the real person cowering beneath the exterior.
Does this scare you?
Your cover is diminishing quickly.
But instead of attempting to redeem yourself you tell more lies and run away.
Go!
It is better without you.

C.C.



Its like a fucking soap opera down here. Too bad you can't change the channel.


ENLARGE, THICKEN & HARDEN
YOUR PENIS TO IT'S MAXIMUM!
Penis Christ Superstar

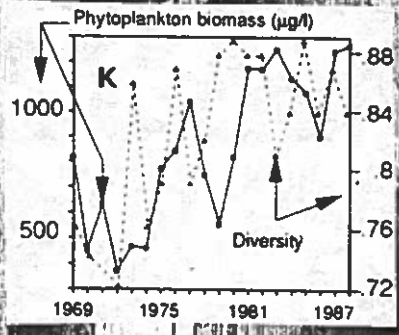
CHILDREN'S NEAR DEATH VISIONS

A decade ago Raymond Moody, the pioneering investigator of near death experiences, called on the scientific and medical community to take a closer look at NDEs. Melvin Morse is one of the few serious researchers who responded to Moody's challenge. A pediatrician at Children's Hospital in Seattle, he studied the phenomenon in children because, he says, "children may fib, but they're unlikely to fabricate such a profound experience." The result: an unprecedented seven-year research project and a new book, *Closer to the Light* (Villard Books), presenting his conclusions.

Morse has found that the accounts of children parallel the pattern Moody identified with adult NDEs. They have told him how they floated above their bodies to a beautiful place of unearthly light, populated by strange beings "who glowed like light bulbs," as one of Morse's young subjects put it. The fact that only children who have actually been near death experience these NDEs, while those who have been gravely ill but not near death do not, has led Morse to conclude that NDEs are a genuine psychological process that is clearly associated with dying.

But what causes these dying visions? Morse speculates that NDEs have a biological origin in the Sylvian fissure, a tiny section of the brain's hippocampus known to produce out-of-body experiences when stimulated with electrodes. Alternate explanations are offered by Daniel Carr, a physician at Massachusetts General Hospital, who attributes NDEs in part to the release of endorphins at the point of death, and University of Iowa psychiatrist Russell Noyes, who associates them with "transient depersonalization"—the sensation of detachment reported by mountain climbers during near-fatal falls.

—Jeff Goldberg



What single, powerful, ear level hearing aid can replace the body instruments worn by these children?

"So what are you hearing?"

Imagine a cute little boy walking down the sidewalk at a local park.

The sky is clear, the air is warm, the sun is shining high, the birds are chirping peacefully, the trees are swaying softly in the breeze.

The little boy wants to rest and eat his deliciuos Gummi Bears, so he sits down onto a bench next to a nice old man feeding popcorn to the perky pigeons, cooing with glee.

"Well, hello there, young fella!", the old man said with a great smile.

"Hi, sir," the boy replied.

Beautiful day, isn't it, young sport?"

"Yes, its nice," the boy said shyly.

The man looked back at the pigeons and continued to limply throw popcorn at them. The air was warm and delightful.

The boy looked down at his multi-colored blobs of gummy sugar and thought for a brief while. The breeze was gently caressing his blond hair, whistling soft tunes of nature into his ear. Then he asked,

"Sir, why is the world like it is today? Why is it so bad?"

The old man halted his popcorn-feeding leisures and turned to the boy. He asked with a big smile,

"What do you mean, young lad? The world is a wonderful place! Life on earth is special!"

D. Helen Keller E.

The boy looked at him and looked back down at his palmfuls of Gummi Bears. Time passed. He poured one palmful into the other and reached into his denim pocket.

"Whatcha got there, son?" the old man asked.

The boy slowly turned his head and stared deeply into the gray, decrepit, wrinkled eyes of the old man. Pigeons cooed softly in the background.

"My answer."

The boy pulled the trigger and shot the poor man in the face. All the birds in the park flew away frantically. The old man fell to the ground in front of the bench, popcorn scattered everywhere.

the little boy stared at the dead man for a little while. The sun shone brightly, the breeze blew softly, and the birds returned to their peaceful chirping.

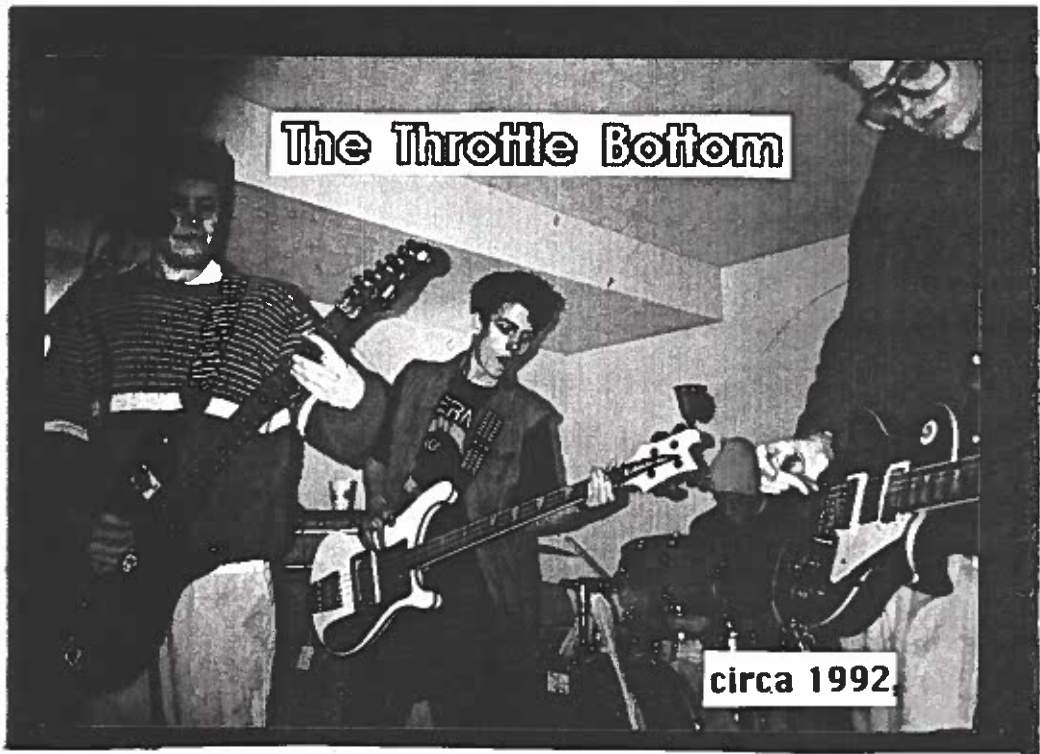
As the boy sat, he thought deeply, chewing his Gummi bears and staring at the gun in his hand.

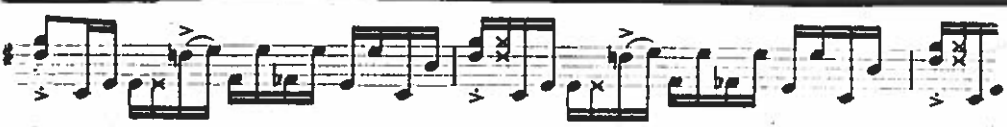
Time passed. The boy put the gun into his mouth and squeezed. Brains aflew. The gun fell to the earth with a thud. The capless, dead boy fell feebly on top of the dead old man's body.

The breeze blew softly as the pigeons pecked at the blood-stained popcorn. -HK-

strum

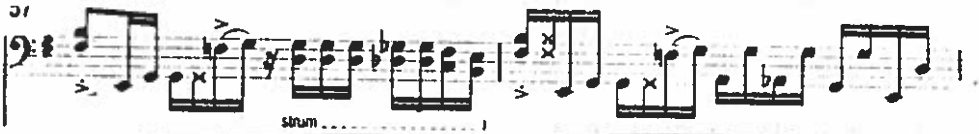
several problems in applying a medical model to mental di:
lies in the actual causes of the conditions. Although some di
ch factors as neurological damage or imbalances in brain
em have no known physical causes. Mental disorders are th
nt in this respect from the usual diseases that doctors co


The Throttle Bottom
circa 1992



SPLINTER

--Windpipe--


57
strum

Harriet The Spy.
SONOR

Some people have been saying that because of the previous generation (the Baby Boomers if you may) we are left with shit; that our children will be the Generation X. That first part is pretty true. We are the ones who must suffer the mistakes of the "Me" generational evolution. (Read "This Is My Defiance" in Sacrificial Lamb #3) The latter is questionable:

Is what we have left so bad that we are completely unable to make our children's surroundings usable and worth living for? Or are we too lazy and are only thinking for ourselves? Is the laziness hereditary snowball rolling so fast that its too late to even try to stop it? I'm not sure. For starts, we should be banning together to make this pathetic world of ours better (for the many that are, keep up the good work! Don't give up!)

However, we shouldn't stop at that. There's gotta be some way we can stick to some hard work to better the future, scam the system perhaps. If I have them, I don't want my children to live in a worthless society. I'm assuming that you don't either.

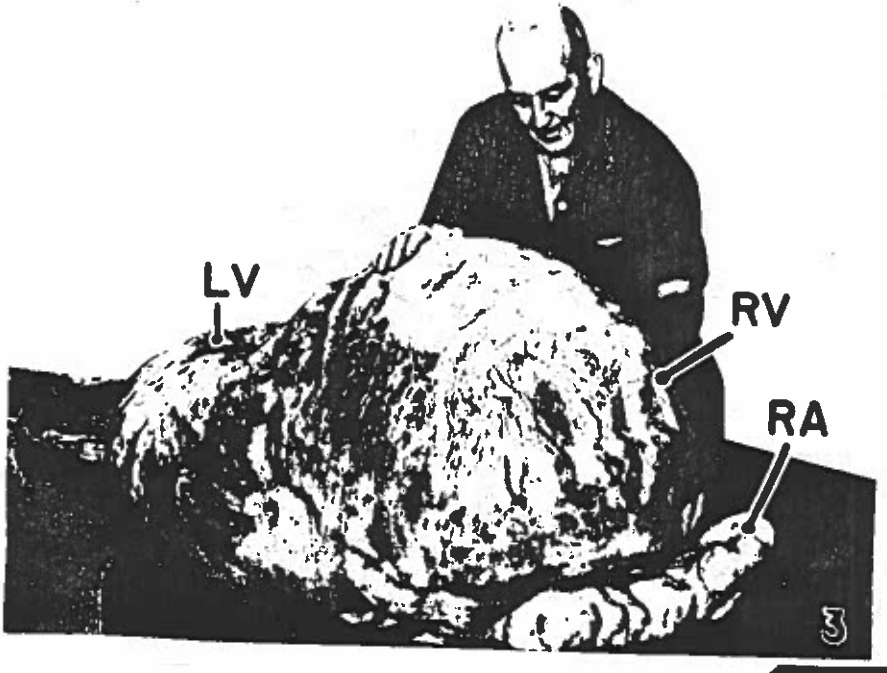
If you don't care for the future and expect to just die and leave it the way it is, fine. Just don't fuck things up for everyone else (i.e. Mace-happy fuckers that spray everyone at the shows, trashing small clubs that DON'T rip us off and put out a big effort to book cool stuff, etc.)

On the other hand, being the pessimistic bastard that I am, somedays, it does seem hopeless. I can understand those who support the "we're dead, give it up" idea. But as self-psychotherapy (an exaggeration) I try to seek more positive outlooks on society. Yet, not to the point that the world is a big, happy place and all flowers and shit. Gotta stick to reality.

Anyway, maybe we should give hope a chance. But we should get off our asses first.

"Save the fucking children!"

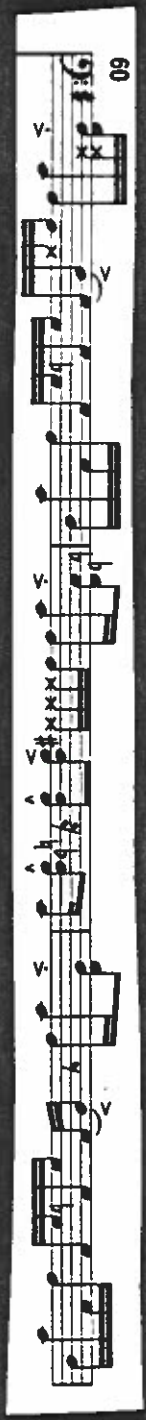
We all need a common ENEMY

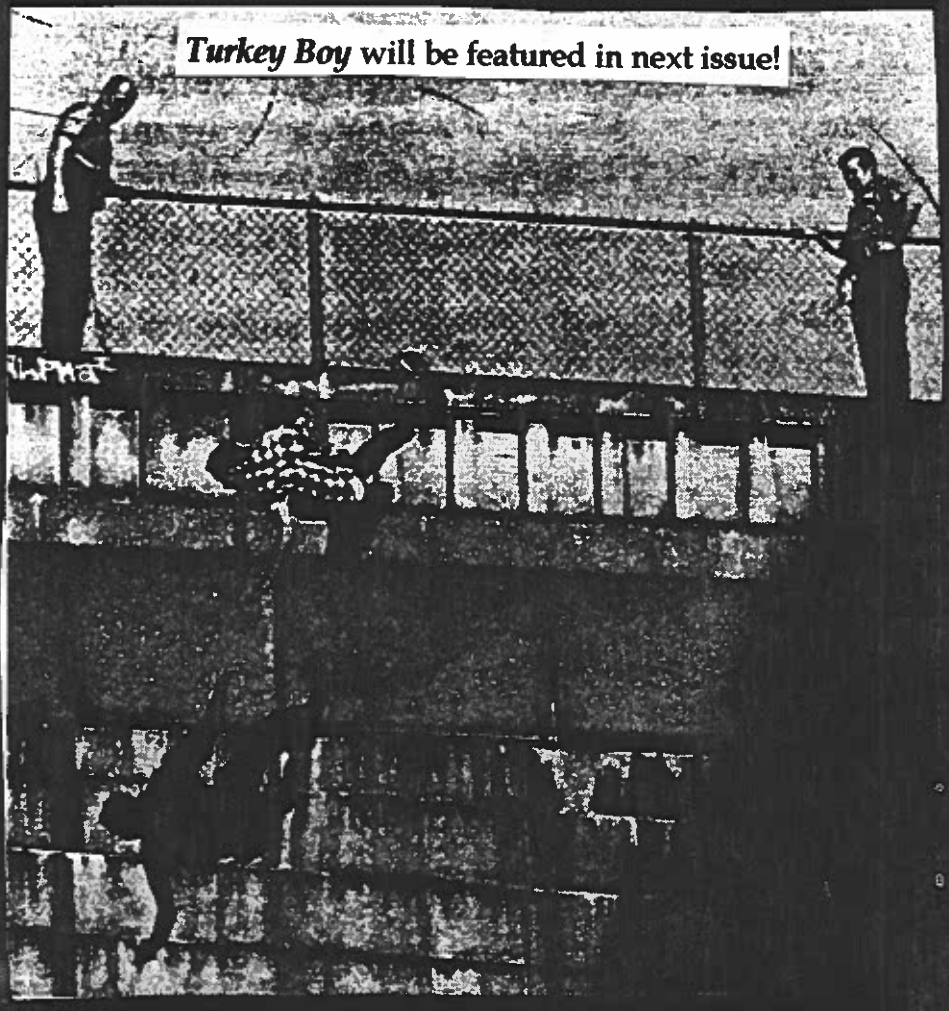


(Look for the next issue of MUTE for details.)

Ignorance is bliss...
I refuse to be ignorant.
My preference and capability
is digging me an early grave.
Why?
I will die crying from injustice.
I've lived in nothing but injustice,
I will see and experience more of it,
and I am positive that I will die in it.
Under this circumstance, I seek...
isolation and solitude.
But that will kill me also.
Thanks, "God." I love your little chess
game where no one is really king
and you win every time.
Several others and myself must be
your pawns getting destroyed
by everyone else on the chess board
groping for what is later learned as
and impossible and nonexistent throne.
I guess that's why they call it DESTINY.

H.K.





This is just a start. I would like to expand. I'm still in the process of finding more contributors. If you'd like to contribute (stories, reviews, ads, photos, artwork, columns, etc.) please don't feel reluctant to.

If you'd like further issues, please send a stamp or a zine to:

MUTE

c/o Eshleman

5126 Lansdowne Dr.

Solon, OH 44139

MUTE
c/o Eshleman
5126 Lansdowne Dr.
Solon, OH 44139

SEND TO:

LOVE BUNNY PRESS
c/o John P.
2622 Princeton Rd.
Cleveland Hts., OH
44118

(The Next Issue will be 10x better.)